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-HAMILTON-

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

GENERAL SHERMAN TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"Our Army is not much to look at; but such as I have give I to thee."



THE JUDGE.

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PEOPLE WHO LIKE ELECTIONS.

IN the eyes of many people—and wise people, too—the bane of our Constitution, the main drawback to the Republican form of government, as exemplified in the United States, is the multiplicity and frequency of our elections. They argue that the country suffers an upheaval at unnecessarily short intervals; that business is deranged; that everything is more or less at a standstill while we are electing our rulers—and, worse still, that a man can hardly master the duties of an office before a fresh election comes along to oust him and install another tyro in his place. There is a good deal of sound sense in their argument; and, certainly, if the country be in a feverish state while in the throes of an election, a recurrence of that fever cannot be good for the health, strength and stamina of any “constitution,” written or physical. But all this is a matter for argument, and THE JUDGE is not listening to argument on these matters just now.

But there is one section of our fellow-citizens who would not willingly see a single election less through the length and breadth of this fair land. They would rather see offices and office-seekers multiplied indefinitely till every day were an election day, and life were one long political canvass. These gentlemen, who style themselves persons of great influence, but whom a discriminating public speaks of as “heelers,” “rounders,” “shoulder-hitters” and “petty ward poli-

ticians,” fatten off an election as a hog fattens off swill. Elections are at once their business and their recreation. During election they drink wine and smoke imported cigars; in the piping times of peace they smoke cabbage and drink fusil-oil whisky when they can get it. So, on the whole, they are inclined to prefer the exciting period of a canvass; and we cannot blame them if they sometimes heave a sigh of regret for the vanished cakes and ale of a lively contest when they subside into the dingy bar-room of their ward when the election is over. It is human nature, that is all—not a very edifying phase of it, it is true—but still it is human nature. And so it happens that some people like elections.

THE HARVEST GROUND.

WHEN Christopher Columbus discovered America some few hundred years ago, he probably did not realize what an extensive field he was opening up to European industry. He could scarcely have reckoned on the new country developing into the harvest ground of the needy; but it has done so. What is the first idea of the foreigner who finds himself or herself in pecuniary straits? To go to America and get money. Once there, everything seems easy. If the foreigner be a titled male, he comes here and marries an American heiress. Nothing is easier than that. If he be untitled he can come here and lecture like Mathew Arnold, or pose like Oscar Wilde. The ultimate result is the same. If the foreigner can sing like Patti or Nilsson or Campanini, or act like Irving and Ellen Terry, the problem is even simpler; but ability is by no means requisite. Mrs. Langtry did very well and realized a snug fortune without it, and there are scores of other instances—less conspicuous, perhaps, than that of the Lily, which might be added to encourage needy foreigners to visit us. There is the Prince of Wales, for instance. He is said to be in debt. We have no doubt that he could clear off all his liabilities and realize a handsome surplus besides, in a season of thirty weeks. We are sure Messrs. Brooks and Dickson would offer him liberal inducements. There is plenty of money over here; now is your time. Walk up, ye embarrassed nobility from the other side and take your share of it. You are positively too diffident. We have money enough for everybody; ask Langtry, ask Wilde, ask Irving, ask Arnold, ask Nilsson, Patti, Gerster, Mapleson, Schalchi—hundreds of them. We give you good references.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

THE command of the United States army has been formally vested in General Phil. Sheridan. General Sherman has surrendered the sword of office to the hero of “The

Ride.” It is not a mighty command, perhaps, compared to that of some of the standing armies of older countries, but it is a good thing as times go. It is essentially what is known as “a soft thing”; it is pre-eminently “a good billet,” good pay and little work; no one to fight but Indians, and not many of them. Not too many men to command and look after either. One thing might be done. The enlisted men might be relieved from some of the excessive fatigue duty of which they have been complaining. At any rate, their complaints might be looked into and attended to as far as possible. Of course, more or less digging and delving must be done, and there seem to be none but soldiers to do it; but labor with a spade in an officer’s potato patch is not exactly the kind of “field duty” soldiers are enlisted to perform. When the millennium comes we are told that swords will be beaten into plowshares and spears into reaping hooks; but until that time comes, we cannot wonder if soldiers object to do much of such transmogrification. General Sheridan is more likely to sympathise with his soldiers in this feeling than was his predecessor, and the change of commanders will probably be a popular one with the army.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

SOCIETY is stirred to its lowest depths—society is always being stirred to its lowest depths. Maybe, though, its loftiest altitudes would sound more prettily. Well, at any rate, society is being stirred by the announcement that a marriage is on the tapis. A marriage is always interesting, and the wealthier the high contracting parties are the more interest is attached to the marriage. That is only natural. The wealthier the bride, the more profuse will be her diamonds, the more bewildering her lace, the more—the more—what is the word?—the more ravishing her trosseau. And what is it that lends such interest to the marriage *a la mode* as diamonds and laces and trousseaux? Well, the wedding whose first faint rumors are agitating society may fairly be expected to go a little ahead of any wedding hitherto in these interesting particulars. Mr. Geo. Gould is mentioned as the bridegroom; Miss Carrie Astor as the bride. Just think of it. As dear old Colonel Sellers would say “there are millions in it.” George Gould is the son of the original telegraph Colossus; Carrie Astor is the daughter of the original Astor. Capital, nowadays, seeks capital. George Gould seeks Miss Astor. Pecuniarily speaking, the match seems a highly suitable one. With reasonable economy the young couple may look forward to independence in their old age. THE JUDGE wishes them joy.

MAN wants but little here below, but when it comes to the graveyard he wants a lot.

For instance—a stop-watch.

"Nugget's Heir."

"MAN is," I've heard my mother say,
 "Man is a base deceiver."
 I wish I'd had the common sense
 And wisdom to believe her.
 When first I saw you, some one said
 "See that young fellow there—
 Know who he is? Of course you do—
 Why, that's Old Nugget's heir."
 So that was how I saw you first—
 Next time 'twas at a ball;
 I danced with no one else but you,
 Who could not dance at all.
 I let you fetch my cloak that night
 And see me home with care,
 And press my hand; but then I thought
 That you were Nugget's heir.
 I went to walk with you one night—
 The cold air made me shiver;
 You used to stand and make me watch
 The moonlight on the river.
 Of course I caught no end of cold—
 For that I did not care,
 For I believed, you know I did,
 That you were Nugget's heir.
 I've run a thousand-dollar bill
 For various bits of dress;
 But, thinking you were Nugget's heir,
 I could not well do less.
 I looked so well, you often said,
 'Twas "beauty" everywhere,
 And all the while you let me think
 That you were Nugget's heir.
 You cruel, base, deceitful man!
 I hate you—yes, I do;
 I've wasted six or seven weeks
 Of precious time on you.
 'Twas not your fault! Yes, sir; it was—
 You did not think I'd care?
 You thought it was yourself I loved,
 And not Old Nugget's heir!

Well, now I guess you see you're wrong—
 No, sir; I'm not to blame.
 You half implied you were the heir,
 And others said the same;
 And now, sir, now, you dare to stand
 Smiling and bowing there,
 And tell me to my very face
 You are not Nugget's heir!

Engagement ended? Why, of course—
 It always was, you see,
 A sort of one that bound *you* close,
 But never fettered *me*—
 And mind, when next you go to woo,
 You'd better have a care
 To tell the damsel of your choice
 You are not Nugget's heir. M. K. J.

SPILLIKENS, who has held to the theory that matrimony is merely a matter of money, and has been assiduously paying court to an heiress, sent his Dulcinea a beautiful bouquet of mignonette. She wrote to thank him for the flowers, and at the same time complimented him upon the delicate expression of sentiment, which, according to the language of flowers, those blossoms convey. Spillikens, believing that he had builded better than he knew, at once made investigation, and discovered the sentiment symbolized by mignonette to be, "Your qualities surpass your charms." He has ordered a basket of cut roses, but fears it is too late to undo the mischief.

THE pluckiest man of ancient times was Tantalus—he never "took water."



A VERY DARK (K)NIGHT.

A Good Old Story.

IT seems like going back a long way for a story to ring Jim Fiske into it, but the following has never been printed, so far as we know, and the moral involved is for all time. In the days when Jim Fiske and Gould were in their glory, and the Plymouth Rock was the toniest boat afloat, she was adorned with two pictures, massively framed—one on each side of the saloon stairway. One was a view of the beautiful Jim Fiske, and the other was a study of Jay Gould, who was younger and tenderer then. Probably the likeness had been taken in his praying days—at any rate, the partners were very proud of them, and one day, when Fiske was showing a friend over the Plymouth Rock, he asked how he liked the works of art. "You and Gould, eh?" said the friend, meditatively. "Capital likenesses—only wants one thing to make the scene complete." "What is that?" inquired Fiske. "Christ on the cross between them," was the suggestive answer.

OLD MRS. SMILEY read about the preparations for the centennial celebration of the evacuation of New York, and was greatly interested therein. "Deary me," she said, "how time flies when you get along in years. It seems like only the other day since I attended the Centennial in Philadelphia, and here's another hundred years gone already."

Ex pede Herculem—a Chicago girl is known by her slipper.

Several Left.

MR. VEREKER had occasion to leave home for a couple of weeks lately, so he signed a dozen blank checks and left them with Mrs. Vereker, that the housekeeping might not come to an untimely end during his absence, and that the old lady might have wherewithal to console herself during her grass-widowhood. When Vereker returned the other day he found a notification from the bank that his account was overdrawn. Considerably exercised, he called Mrs. V.'s attention to the fact. "Here, my dear, you must have been spending money like water while I was away. I find my account is overdrawn." "Oh, that's impossible," replied the lady; "I have several of your checks on hand yet."

AN observer says: "Always stand a wet umbrella with the handle down; one trial will convince you of the rapidity with which it will drain, and your umbrella will last longer if dried quickly."

We tried that once; tried it in a barber shop. We are fully convinced of the rapidity with which it will drain, and if the present possessor will kindly advise us how it is lasting, we will speak at more length of the test.

GUARDIANS frequently cheat their wards out of their ducs. For this reason policemen are very appropriately called "guardians of the peace."



I HAVE invested several dollars in sheet brass and a set of tools, and am now pursuing high art in the shape of repousse work. I regret to state, however, that I've not made that progress I fondly hoped for when I first commenced to hammer. My first pattern didn't come out successfully, and little Kathleen has been ill, and so very, very cross, that it has occupied more than half my time to keep her within the bounds of reason.

Heraclitus, of course, takes no interest in my efforts in *alto relievo*. He says I've turned the house into a tin shop, and that I could go to Tiffany's and purchase a handsome plaque for what I've paid for a quantity of truck, that, after I've finished manipulating, will probably look like a tea-kettle after it's been dragged through the streets behind the tail of a dog.

Knowing his utter lack of æsthetic feeling, I was not surprised at these remarks, but when, one day, little Kathleen was crying, and he said I had better stop hammering brass and repousse the baby, I told him it was about time he stopped his disgusting attempts to be facetious. I moreover informed him that I would discipline the baby as I saw fit, and that I didn't know what would become of the poor child if her mamma had no more patience with her than her papa had—whereat he gave one of his contemptuous sniffs and withdrew.

He and his partner, Mr. Hapgood, have taken a box together at the New Opera House. Of course we went the first night, (I wouldn't have missed it for the world), but Heraclitus must needs visit the Horse Show first, leaving me to be escorted to the box by one of the clerks from the office.

I wore all my diamonds, and the jewels aunt Penelope gave little Kathleen, as well. My dress was just lovely, white brocaded velvet and satin artistically combined, and it did fit like a glove. Heraclitus said it was too *decolettee*, and made me go and spoil the whole effect by filling up the neck with white illusion. I am willing to admit the illusion was becoming, but as soon as he arrived in the box I bade him look around the house and notice the low-necked dresses of other ladies. Then I directed his attention to Mrs. Hapgood, whose corsage (if one could by any stretch of the imagination call it a corsage at all), was absolutely disgusting. He elevated his nasal organ, as usual, gave one of his sniffs, and asked me what miracle prevented Mrs. H's dress from falling off entirely. Then he admitted that if I took off all the illusion from my neck, my dress, in comparison with the others, would be modesty itself—after which I was happy, and we all went off to Delmonico's to supper.

Mrs. Hapgood wasn't pleasant at all, that

evening; she's always jealous of me anyhow—and the immense bouquet of violets Heraclitus sent me to carry seemed to have a disagreeable effect upon her, for her bouquet was nothing but common rosebuds. I saw envy in her eye as soon as I entered the box, and when I asked her if she disliked the odor of violets, she scarcely deigned a reply. I dislike the woman thoroughly, but we've got to have her to dinner next week, and I suppose I must endure the affliction on her husband's account.

Mr. Hapgood is as nice as he can be, and is always most attentive to me; but how he ever came to marry such a woman as she is, I can't conceive. She'll be worse than ever when she sees our house and new furniture, and if I give a swell dinner she'll say we're extravagant, and if I give a plain one, she'll say we're mean and stingy. I've about made up my mind that a swell one will be the most exasperating; so "swell" it shall be, and as Heraclitus has taken to grumbling about the butcher's and grocer's bills of late, a little more or less to pay won't make much difference. He's got so in the habit of bringing home company to dinner unexpectedly that I've told Dinah to always make provision for an extra guest; and I suppose that is one reason why the bills are larger than usual. I can't help it, I'm sure. It's his own fault if he don't tell when company is expected. He says, "what's good enough for us, is good enough for his guests, and there's no use making a splurge when people don't expect it," but I tell him I'll manage

the housekeeping business myself, if he pleases, and I don't propose to lose my reputation for giving fine dinners, even if it does cost a few dollars more.

I want a new opera cloak awfully, and I must manage some way to get one. The fire insurance money is all gone, and I spent more than the amount he gave me for stockings. I got lovely ones though, ten dollars a pair, and then of course I had to get slippers that would enhance the beauty of the hose. I've hinted and hinted about the new piano, but I see no signs of getting it at present. Heraclitus says this opera business will probably ruin him, but I'd like to know what he expects. One might as well not live in New York at all, as to never show one's self or one's fine clothes.

I saw Mrs. Dove sitting up in the family circle the other night, and what made her so conspicuous was because she was in full dress. When I mentioned the fact to Mr. Pennyfeather he said, well, she would not have gone in full dress if her escort had not made a mistake about the tickets. She supposed they were down stairs and so did he." Then I exclaimed, aha! how do you know so much about it? whereupon he suddenly became reticent and I couldn't get another word out of him on the subject.

My worst suspicions are again aroused. He knows all about the horrid creature, I'm sure, and he doubtless kept up a correspondence with her ever since she left the Branch last summer. It is strange, though, that I never find any notes or letters in his pockets.



A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

I search diligently every opportunity I get, but so far he has been too much for me. Well, sooner or later, he is sure to forget himself. I'll keep my eagle eye upon him and his escapades, and if virtue doesn't triumph in the end, it won't be my fault. That woman has a history and I'm bound to find it out. I don't believe Mr. Dove is dead any more than I am, and I'd like to know who her escort was to the opera.

Kathleen is crying again, though goodness knows what for; Marie seems to be utterly incapable of pacifying her. I believe I'll give the child a dose of paregoric, and then see if I can finish that brass plague. Heraclitus doesn't approve of paregoric and doesn't know I've got any in the house; but what does a man know about babies anyhow? She's got to stop crying for I want to go to work. Perhaps while I'm hammering I can concoct a scheme for getting a new opera cloak, and if an idea for circumnavigating the machinations of my husband and Mrs. Dove should flit across my brain, so much the better, I'd seize it on the fly. I'll bring what Heraclitus calls my "mighty mind" to bear upon the subject, and I'll get at the bottom of this *Dove-like* mystery, or I'll never again call myself a lucky or fortunate

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

The Rector Confused.

THE dapper rector of a church up town,
Where gathered in the cream of the elite,
In happy mood was sauntering up and down
The Boulevards where wealth and fashion meet.

He met old Madam Frousey, rich and proud—
Expressed a lively interest in her health;
To her with reverence the rector bow'd—
His interest—*entre nous*—was in her wealth.

The rich Miss Scraggen was the next he met—
For mission work he long had tried to get her—
She is, you know, the leader of "our set,"
And oh! he was enraptured when he met her.

A pretty, rosy damsel's greeting smile
Next drew his recognition, very bland;
The maid was dress'd to kill, in fashion's style—
He gently took in his her little hand—

Hoped that in precious health she was quite well,
And growing strong in every Christian grace;
At length he said, "I really cannot tell
Where I before have seen your beaming face."

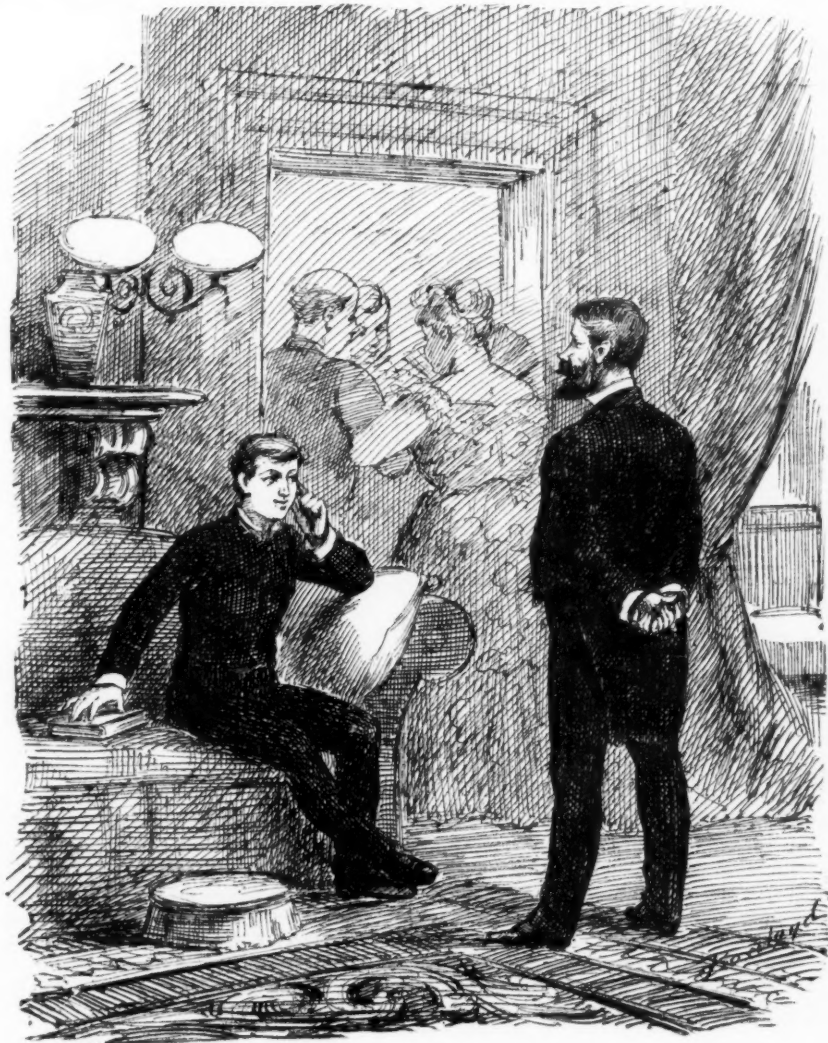
"Lor! just to think, now sir, that you ain't able
To bring me to your mind—a week or more
I've every day been waiten at yer table,
A-fixin' round, and sweepin' up the floor!"

The rector, petrified, stood dumb—and when
His speech returned he mutter'd, "A-ab, o-h,
w-h-e-w!"

He scowl'd a moment at the maid, and then,
With backward step, like Hamlet's ghost, with-
drew. OWEN JONES.

A SMALL village of this State possesses but one church, and that heavily in debt. Seeing no way of lessening it, the trustees rented the basement to a grocer. After finding it more profitable to sell whisky than groceries, the tenant turned his premises into a liquor saloon. One Sunday, as the good people assembled for worship, they found the following written on the door of the church:
"There are spirits above, there are spirits below;
There are spirits of joy, there are spirits of woe;
The spirits above are the spirits divine—
The spirits below are the spirits of wine."

A GALLEY SLAVE—the printer's devil.



MAJOR—What! moralizing again, Charley?
CHARLEY—I was thinking, Major, that if Aunt Jane's expenditure is equal to her waist, uncle Tom's pocket has a heavy load to carry.

Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. XIII.

THIRTEEN always was an unlucky number—a number compounded of sixes and sevens; a very devil of a number. Look to it that you commence nothing on the 13th. Be not the thirteenth at table; something is sure to happen.—Henry Irving.

[The author was blown up on the London Underground Railway while on his way to mail his MS. to this office. A vote of thanks has been passed by THE JUDGE's editorial staff, and tendered to the Fenians who are credited with being the cause of the accident. Meanwhile, a lingering doubt exists in our mind that Alonzo Busbee will again bob up serenely when we least expect him. We fear so; we can scarcely hope to escape so easily. Only the good die young.]—ED. JUDGE.

A GRACEFUL writer one day wrote a beautiful and sublime article showing how easy 'twas to die. But when the cholera morbus struck him that night, he had four doctors called in, and the druggist at the corner took his family on an excursion with the money paid for the beautiful article.

Washington Gossip.

BY OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 8.

As doubts exist in many quarters as to the truth of the report of a quarrel taking place at a recent Cabinet meeting, your correspondent made it his business to inquire into the matter, and from a gentleman high in official circles, whose name your correspondent has given his word of honor not to mention, he has gathered the following full, true and particular account of what really did transpire on the occasion referred to:

"I desire to observe," ejaculated the Honorable the President, "before proceeding to official business, that it is with much pleasure I have read of the good time my Cabinet has had during the heated term, while I and poor Bob here," referring to the Honorable the Secretary of War, "have been earning our salaries 'doing the Yellowstone' and manufacturing fish stories."

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. President," answered Brewster, "you are making a trifling error. I have not been absent from my post at Washington for more than two months at a time since you left. I am sorry that I cannot say the same of all my associates."

STOCK EXPRESSIONS FROM MODERN LITERATURE.



"He stood rooted to the spot."



"His lips were glued to hers in one long, passionate kiss."



"As the rich color mounted to her brow, she buries her face in his bosom, exclaiming—", etc.

"Name? Name?" roared the rest of the Cabinet, as one man.

"I decline to name any name."

"Don't cock your judicial eye in my direction," shouted the Secretary of the Navy; "I won't have it."

"Easy, Bill; easy does it," whispered the Interior Department.

"Easy does nothing!" answered the unterrified ship-Chandler. "I don't propose to have no Philadelfy boiled-frill-shirt slyster slinging inuendoes in my direction. You hear me?"

"Bill! Bill! Bill!" again remonstrated the Interior.

"Bill nothing! He's mad. That's what's the matter with Brews—because he thinks I'll make more outer my divvy with Jack Roach on them last contracts than he got for pulling the wires for Dorsey and his gang!"

"I must rise to protest —," commenced the Secretary of State, when he was interrupted by Admiral Chandler with "Shut up yer mouth, you old New Jersey fossilized clam! Go and learn to write an official letter that don't contain more than fourteen grammatical errors to the page—that'll take all the spare time *you're* master of!"

"Mr. President; I rise to a point of order," ejaculated the Postmaster General. "the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy is the most disgraceful —"

"Yah! What's the matter with you?" ironically asked New-Hampshire Bill, as he in a significant manner threw an ink-bottle at the head of the Secretary of the Treasury, which, however, did no further damage than knocking off the spit-curl on the forehead of the President's private dude, and covering one of the walls of the Department with ink. "You go bee-hunting, Gresh, or your Presidential aspirations will addle what few brains the laws of Indiana allow you."

"If the would-have-been Senator from New Hampshire —" sarcastically commenced the Secretary of the Treasury.

"If the would-have-been-but-couldn't Governor of New York don't quit slinging sarcastic bon-mots at the could-have-been-if-he'd-wanted-ter-but-didn't-want-ter Senator from New Hampshire, the could-have-been-if-he'd-wanted-ter-but-didn't-want-ter Senator from N. Hampshire will take a speedy opportunity of making a base-ball of the would-have-been-but-couldn't Governor of New

York's cranium, and fire it at the head of the Secretary of War, who is grinning at the could-have-been-if-he'd-wanted-ter-but-didn't-want-ter Senator from New Hampshire like a sick poodle, and whispering something he thinks d—d funny in the elongated ear of Handsome Chet, who, but for the talent of the could-have-been-if-he'd-wanted-ter-but-didn't-want-ter Senator from New Hampshire, as displayed in his official position of Secretary of the Navy and Boss of all the old fossils who constitute his Cabinet, would be handed down to posterity as President of the most imbecile Administration that ever excited the derision of the American people and the contempt of every nation on earth, including Hayti!"—breathlessly rolled forth Billy du Chandler in his most sonorous seafaring tones.

In an instant the council-chamber was in an uproar. The demon of dissension had broken loose, and the watchdogs of the grand old Republican party were at each other's throats—and Bill Chandler at every one's. It did not last long. Bill (the John L. Sullivan of the Cabinet) just cleaned out the whole ranch in short order. He tossed the Secretary of the Treasury over his shoulder; wiped the floor with the Postmaster General; plastered the ceiling with a beautiful Attorney-General fresco; stood the Secretary of State on his head in a corner; left the Secretary of War for dead in the cuspidor; laid the Interior Department on the table for repairs, and made the President take an iron-clad oath that whatever bill Jack Roach in future presented should be paid without any impertinent looking over by people, Cabinet or Congress.

Thus you have the truthful details of the squabble which has convulsed the entire nation, and caused intense excitement in Kalamazoo.

The coming season here promises to be a very hilarious one. Already preparations are on foot to usher in the "gallus" time in an appropriate manner. General Sheridan and wife have ordered a new door-scraper, and it is in contemplation to lay down a new strip of oilcloth in the hallway.

Senator Hill, of Colorado, has ordered a ton of coal.

Senator Hale, of Maine, ordered a barouche, and Senator Miller, of New York, ordered a sewing-machine agent from his door.

Chief-Justice Waite has had his house calsonimed from cellar to garret.

Congressman McLanigan, of Ohio, has got a new wing on his mansion, and Mrs. McAllister Snogshorter, of 1582 R. I. avenue a new mortgage on hers. The effect is quite pleasing—to the mortgager.

Minister West, of Hold Hengland, you know, has lately developed a remarkable faculty for relations. When the arrogant Briton first came to Washington he was regarded as a bachelor, and all the eligible paposes of the Washington fashionable squaws were on his track. It now appears that he is a widower. That was the first intimation that he had been obtaining witching glances and tender hand-squeezings under false pretences; then, to add insult to injury, came a daughter; then up popped a son, and now up jump two hitherto unthought-of daughters more, and your correspondent wouldn't be a bit surprised if the next social scandal doesn't take the form of four or five women jumping up like female jacks-in-the-box, each claiming the Honorable West as husband.

Billy McGinnis, who has lately been rusticated in jail, has returned, and will resume his position of capper for a brace-game.

General Beale is at home.

General Sherman is in St. Louis.

General Logan is at the Ebbit.

Generals Beauregard and Early are still picking up the crumbs that fall from the Louisiana Lottery rich man's table, and Gen. Provisions can still be found in every reputable grocery.

There have been a great many faith-cures lately, but probably the most remarkable of any took place here only two days ago. Bryce Macdoon of the War Department has been for a number of months a regular attendant at Tom Bulliver's club house. Tom had frequently let Bryce Macdoon run his face for stacks of reds, and B. M. always toed the mark the next morning if he lost the evening before—which he usually did. Two days ago Bryce was decapitated at the Department, but Tom didn't know it. That evening Bryce struck Tom for three stacks, at a hundred a stack. Tom, having faith in his customer, gave up like a little man. Bryce lost, and the next morning Tom was informed that Bryce had departed for his home in the interior of Michigan. No more faith for Tom—he's cured.

Executive Labors.

I PICKED up a paper, one evening last week;
Some rich man had thrown it away—
And I took it home, with Bohemian cheek,
To "read up" on the news of the day.
"With what horror," I thought, "is the world be-
ing fed,
What failures, what mysteries of blood?"
Then in the lines at the top, I read,
"The President dined with Flood!"

To-day, once again, by a species of luck,
I chanced to get hold of the news,
And I opened it up, to read items of pluck,
Or some joke, to divert and amuse;
But alas! for me and my tired brain,
With a growl the paper I crunched.
For there at the top, in letters too plain,
"To-day with A. Belmont he lunched!"

'Tis ever thus—and he lunched and lunched,
Spring chicken and veal and ham,
Mustard, fried oysters, asparagus bunched,
Potatoes and shrimps and clam—
While over the wires, with accents glad,
Some idiot hastens to say
The words which make me infernally mad,
"The President lunched to-day!"

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1. AND if came to pass in these days that
there dwelt in the camp a man who was a
king in his tribe.

2. Now this king had in time gone by
been a mighty man and powerful, and what-
soever he said was done—

3. Yea, even to the making of the chief
priests and rulers. If he said nay, it was
nay; and if he said yea, it was yea—for was
he not powerful?

4. And he did rule over a great number of
men of the tribes, even of the Polititions and
the Ta-many—for his power was mighty.

5. Yet this man did say unto himself, I
am so strong that all the men of the tribe
are afraid, and tremble at my word; so that
now I can take a rest, and in no way will I
worry;

6. For have I not said, Let this thing and
that thing be done, and where will I find any
one who dare say me nay? Yet will I send
my lieutenant to see after these men. Per-
adventure there may be some who may, by
reason of youth, lack judgment.

7. And so this king did lay himself down
to sleep, saying, All is well.

8. Now it happened that divers and cer-
tain of the men of the tribe who were young-
er than the king did say amongst themselves,

9. Lo, this our king is old, and he doth
"loose his grip;" and he is puffed up by his
own mightiness and from his victories in the
time gone by—

10. While we young men have learned
wisdom from the other tribes, and have fol-
lowed the tricks of our king; so now we will
use him in the like manner to the using of
his enemies by this our king in the time past.

11. Lo, they did say unto the messengers
of the king, and to his lieutenants, Yea, yea,
to all their sayings, so that the king their
master was satisfied.

12. And the men of the tribes did meet
for the choosing of the rulers of the camps,
and the king did say unto himself, All is as
I wish. I have but to nod and all is done.
I am mighty; yet will I appear meek and
lowly in spirit.

13. Now when these men of the bands did
cast their votes for the choosing of the men,



A DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.
THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

lo and behold, the workings of the young
men was plain to be seen;

14. For did they not, even after the man-
ner of the king, make a bolt and a split? and
so the power of the king was wrested from
him.

15. And so it came to pass that the men
of Ta-many, who had thought to have had
twelve of their men hold office, were "left,"
and could get but six.

16. Then up rose the king in his wrath,
and he did stamp his foot, and tear his hair,
and did pray after the manner of the tribe,
Damnereyes and damyersole! why is this
so?

17. Did I not tell you to do thus and so?
Why did ye not as I said? Verily, I say unto
you, by this doing ye have weakened my pow-
er in this my kingdom;

18. And in the time which draweth near,
how am I to rule the tribes and appoint men
of my tribe to be bosses over the parties and
tribes to the appointing of a man for the ru-
ling over the kingdom of Unkulpsalm?

19. But the young men of the tribe, those
that had followed in the footsteps of the king,
did laugh loud and long, and did say:

20. Lo and behold, O king! ye taught us
how to overcome thine enemies, and we were
quick to learn. But as you would give to us
no office, but did say, Do this or it will be
bad for ye;

21. We, the young men, who are wise in
our generation, did say, We will use him as

he uses others, and we will have our own
way, for of a truth it is time we should have
some of the fat of the land.

21. So the king did go to his place, and
did sit himself down and think. But he is
a wiser man than before, and he will cry
aloud for no more "harmony"—neither will
he trust others, but will see to all things
himself. B. T. P.

At the Dance.

LIKE a beautiful queen on her throne she seemed,
Crowned with her golden hair;
Her brilliant eye with splendor beamed,
And her face was passing fair.

Her bust had charmed a sculptor's eye—
And oh! that bewildering glance
As she gazed on the revelers passing by
In the maze of the festive dance.

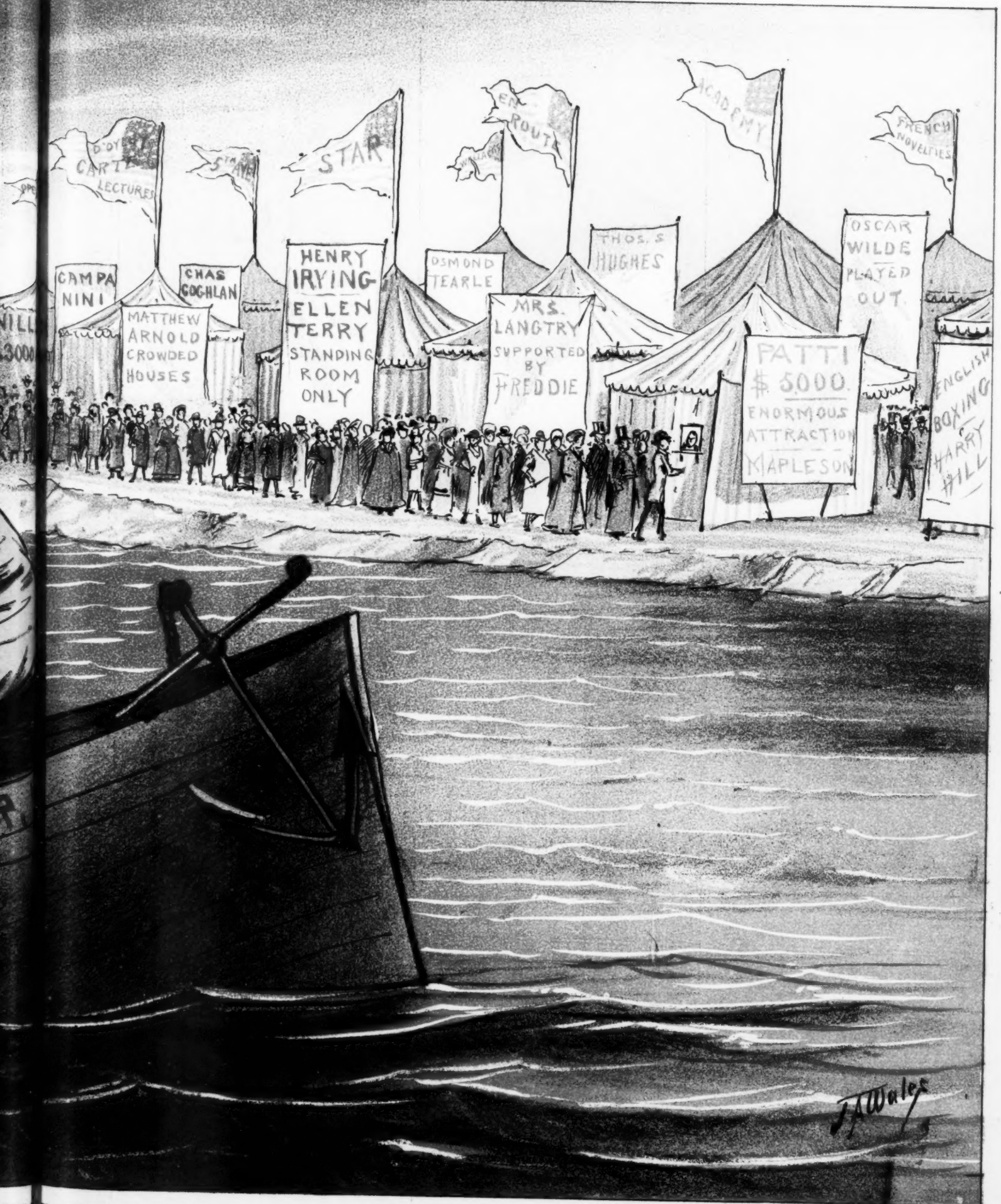
My soul was burning; with passion I prayed
My gallant friend De Neville
To appeal for me to the beautiful maid
To dance in the next quadrille.

He smiled, and said (with a comical leer),
"Don't ask me again, I beg;"
Then the demon whisper'd into my ear,
"She's got a—wooden leg!" O. JONES.

In articulo mortis—in an obituary article.

Hors de combat—a war-horse.







Schneider went out shooting.

My Steerage Girl.

Oh, beauty in squalor, in dirt and rags!
Oh, ugliness hidden in velvet and lace!
There's an eye, sometimes, that the covering drags
From the prisoned glories of form and face.
Then diamonds glow in the humblest tears—
Then fades the grace of the papered curl;
And then I look back through the misty years,
And think again of my steerage girl.

I found her one day in the motley crew
Of the steerage-berths in a packet-ship—
Where faces with hunger were gaunt and blue,
And suffering murmured in eye and lip.
A greasy candle, with sputtering wick,
She held at the ladder, lighting me down—
The grime on her round cheeks gathered thick,
And little bare feet of a dirty brown.

Oh, steerage girl!—wee steerage girl!—
A queer little thing she was, I trow,
To set my senses all in a whirl—
But that was long—very long ago—
And I saw such diamond-flashes break
Out from the dirt of that crusted gem,
That for her, once washed and soul-awake,
One might lose—if he had it—a diadem.

Such wondrous tints in her golden hair—
(It was matted and tangled and crazily wild)—
Such flashes of white in the bosom bare—
(Remember, O prude! she was only a child!)—
Such a rosebud mouth! such a rounded cheek!
Such springing graces of supple form!
What a heaven of bliss did they all bespeak
When a year or two more should ripen and warm!

Alas! For I lost her! Was it a loss
To her or to me? We parted there.
But a moment joined—our fates ran across
When I mounted again the rickety stair.
Whatever had destiny ordered below
For my steerage beauty, I sadly missed.
Lost angel of squalor! I do not know
If she ever was washed, or ever was kissed!

But sometimes, when ugliness overpaints,
Or beauty lies hidden in rags or in grime,
I wonder if Poverty's guardian saint
Has saved her from suffering, sorrow and crime.
The Future is always voiceless and grim,
And the Past is growing as silent a churl,
Else I sometimes would ask it, tho' years grow dim,
To tell me the fate of my steerage girl.

WOMAN'S extravagance in dress has of late become a crime in the eyes of the custom house officers. Mrs. Lorden's inordinate love of lace trimmings on her dresses, and the extraordinary number of yards on each, is likely to cost her \$5,000 before she gets her wardrobe from the claws of the customs court.

She courts custom, but not this kind.



In the absence of better game, he emptied his gun into a flock of chickens.



And Schneider was laid away where the chickens cease from troubling, and the sportsman is at rest.

The Squizzle Journal.

No. 4.

THERE are folks, I am told, that consider Newport a great watering place. As far as my experiments goes, it's all whisky.

Water there is like a painted picture, jest to look at—nobody thinks of astonishing their stumicks with it if they can git any thing else to drink.

Licker sartainly flowed free last week, for I stove in the head of a whisky barrel, and that broke up the party. With the help of Sally Marie, I got Squizzle away with a hole skin. When he gets to Newport agin he'll be older than he is now, and so will the town. It will be safe to call it Oldport.

Most of the people came direct to New York, and brought their horses to the show. I made up my mind to go too, and I told Squizzle so. He objected, of course; but I told him I'd been threw a purty good seize for his diversion—he could now kum to the horse show for mine. Of kourse he saw I was sot, and when I am, there's no movin me—not with tackles and pulleys. We stoped jest one night at hum, to get Sally Mari's pony in trim. I told Jabey we might as well try for a premium, and Sally Marie could make a purty good show at horse back ridin. Speakin of ridin, no body has as yet bin able to bete her, and I had my ideas purty well up when I went up to the Madison Garden where they were a enterin all sorts of horses for the show. They had new stables bilt for 'em, rite out in the strete, and when I brought Sally Marie's pony around with her on his back in a span new ridin habit of krushed strawberry color, the man in charge laft in our fases. It was imperlite, to say the leste, and I let him know I thote so.

As soon as Sally dismounted—which I must say she did graisfully, they examined the pony, and then said "they did not think he'd pass."

That riled me. "Not pass," sez I; "he'll



The owner of the chickens didn't like it, and invoked the law.

pass enny peace of horseflesh you ken put on the rode; and Squizzle, there, nose it, tho' he stands with his hands in his pockits like a 'not on a log and leves me to do all the tawking."

"What time duz he make?" sez the kommittee man.

"He made a divil of a time in my pertater patch," sed Squizzle, for the first time opening his mouth; "A streke of gresed litening kouldn't hev hit him if it hed bin rite on his track."

"I spose the young lady there," (pinting to Sally Marie) "is something of a rider," sez he.

"I reckon you'll find her hard to match," says I.

"Take a flyin leap around the ring," sez he.

"That she can; and come in fore yards ahead of her pony every time," sez I.

Notwithstandin my statement of the above fax, he wasn't satisfide to except the pony for the show—which I think is purty mene of him, and, as a natral konsequece he has eaten his hed off at the stable, and Squizzle has growled every minit of our stay here, like a dog with a sore hed, and insists on our goin home immedgitly—but I have my reasons for remaining. Sally Mari is as anxious as I am to be introdused to the President, and if the opportunity don't offer here I shall take her and go on to Washintown, and leve Squizzle to go hum and tend to the getherin of the vegetables and fall sass for winter yuse.

There's bin a good ele sed in the newspapers about the President's taste for handsum furniter, that has rather pleased me. Sally Mari is fitted to adorn and grase a handsum parlor—he cudint hev things too showy for her if he tride.

The very sealings are whitewashed with gold and silver, which must look mity purty, and nun too good fur a Presidentshal manshun. What he's dun with the old furnitur is nobodys bizness but his owne. He'll probably loose as much as he takes, and that'll be more than sum of his predassessors has dun. If he's the man I think he is, he wont go out of the White House single handed.

That Carbuncle.

SAID the robber, "No family jewels—none?"

"None," said a fearless lady, "but one—

A carbuncle—the setting a fortune cost;

But 'tis well secured, and cannot be lost."

"Quick! hand me the jewel, or else you shall die,"

Said the robber, with fiercely-flashing eye.

"I can't," said the lady, with smiling repose—

"The carbuncle's fast—on my husband's nose."

Barbers, Attention!

HEY there, you barber, if your time isn't too valuable just stop honing that razor for a half a minute; I've got a bone to pick with you.

No, I'm not the man that objects to being talked to death. I assure you I don't mind it in the least, for I am a little deaf in one ear; besides, I have a mother-in-law, so I'm used to talk; that isn't what I object to at all.

No, I'm not the fellow that is always getting cut, the fact is I seldom get cut except when I shave myself. No, the great wonder is that considering the reckless way you swing your razor about a person's throat that you are not indicted for man-slaughter about twice a week.

No, I have nothing to say because you mow every spear of hair off my head just because I tell you to trim it up a little. I will admit that it may be partially my fault, for "little" being an indefinite quantity may mean more or less to you than it does to me. No, I give you the benefit of the doubt in that case, because I don't want you to say that I am not giving you a chance for your life.

But, my tonsorial friend, there is one thing that I am going to kick on, and that is the way you comb a man's hair.

Now look at that individual just going out of the door. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to perpetrate such a vile outrage on a fellow being. What is the matter? Well, just be good enough to observe the way his hair is combed and then ask. What ever possessed you to do it? Did you ever see a man that naturally combed his hair that way, unless he was a bar-keeper. No, I don't think you ever did or ever will.

Don't talk about bangs! Look at the way his hair is combed down on to the bridge of his nose. It is positively ridiculous. Now what is the idea of massing his hair up on the side? Is it to bring out the contrast with the highly polished surface on the top? Don't a man get a polished spot on the top of his head quick enough without you bringing all your ingenuity to bear to assist nature. And the "part," where have you got it? Why, over in the middle. Don't you know that common precedent has decided that a man shall part his hair on the side? Well, you may think it is a good scheme to have it the other way, but it is an erroneous idea, and the sooner you drop it the better.

No, I don't want a shine. Just brush some of the hairs off my coat, that's all I ask. I guess that's all now. Here's your dime. But the next time I come into this shop you had better act on a few of my suggestions unless you want to have all the rest of the boys lay off a day that week to attend a funeral.

JOHN RITCHIE, of Hempstead, imagining that the divine afflatus had descended upon him, made his debut at Washington Hall recently. A crowded house greeted him. The play opened with a somersault, or would have done so had John succeeded in his efforts; but, like the slapjack of the tipsy cook, it wouldn't turn gracefully. If the divine afflatus, which he had courted assiduously, failed to come to the rescue, the "vine tomatoes" did not. These, with a mingling of stale eggs, finished the performance at an early hour.

John, while bringing a suit against the town, says: "Though ritchie may be, he will never give another performance in Hempstead, unless the jury allow him \$50 for damages.



A POLITE HINT.

BACHELOR MONEYBAGS—*I say, Miss Mabel; what kind of men do you most admire?*
MISS MABEL—*Well, Mr. Moneybags, I think I prefer high men (Hymen).*

Get Married.

MADLINE sends us a poem beginning, "Would I were under the wildly, writhing, waving waves."

But no you don't, Mad.; you don't wouldst anything of the sort; you may think you do, but you really don't. Why, if you should duck your dear little head under the nasty salt water for a minute, and it got into your ears, and up your nose, and tasting awfully in your mouth, and making your sweet blue eyes smart, and taking all the bangness out of your bangs, and an old crab came a waddling around your pink toes, and a high-water clam opened up on you, and lots of other sea serpents cavorted round about, if you didn't gather your robes together and waltz from under, we don't know what a bob-flush is.

The trouble with you, Madeline, my dear, is the blues. You're all broke up, as it wer'st, and feel like one who treads alone. We know; we've been there. But we don't go any more, and if you'll only give us your attention we'll cancel your pass for the same bourne.

The primary cause with us was our liver. Now we don't like to accuse such a dainty little bit of deliciousness as you, my dear, of having anything so regular as a liver; no, perish the—perish the—perish the—let it perish, nevertheless. A man may speak of his wife as rib of his rib, but to call her liver of my liver, has too much of the fee-fifo-fum fragrance about it, and should not be indulged in. No; we wouldn't say that your liver is out of gear, but simply remark

that a certain portion of your carcass is unhinged. That's it; that's the foundation for those waving waves to slosh around on; you can gamble your last caramel on that. That's the way we used to feel and talk until we struck a "blind lead" in the shape of a medical friend, who advised us to take the whole drug store at one gulp by getting married, and become a man.

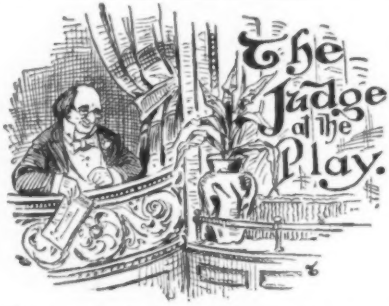
We always yearned to be a man; we fairly hankered for the title, so we looked around for a girl pretty closely. We began to feel better just as soon as we struck one; kept on improving at a rapid rate, and finally completed the cure by marrying the champion ice-cream swallower and fried-oyster chawer of the age—our girl.

Now then, Mad., go thou and do like unto we did—get married; and pretty soon you'll feel like grabbing three or four of those wildly writhing articles up in your polonaise, to take home and souse into the bath-tub, for the children to play with.

We've written this for your good, sweetheart; and if you'll but profit by it, we'll wager that when any Oscar Wildeism commences for to "wouldst-ing," two or three of the legitimate results of marriage would take a hand and just yawp the everlasting "wildly writhingness" right out of it.

Of course, this is strictly confidential.

THERE is about to be constructed in Brazil what will probably be the largest dam in the world. Thus is the United States shaded again. A short time ago we came to the front with the biggest damn on record—Vanderbilt's; but now Brazil has found something bigger than the public.



Town talk is now all about Irving and Ellen Terry, or the merits of the rival Opera Houses. Mapleson and Patti head one faction; Abbey and Nilsson the other—and it is war to the knife.

Mapleson's frantic attempts to give Patti a big advertisement in the shape of a buncombe reception, would lead one to suppose she was not only his trump, but his last card as well; and he seems to have gone wild on the subject of injunctions. Writs and processes have been flying all over the city in rich profusion. The supply, however, being greater than the demand, the gallant Colonel has turned his attention to other towns, and now the Cincinnati College of Music is threatened with a legal document. After he has finished with Cincinnati, we trust the rest of the United States will be left in peace, to enjoy the music of the syrens without a judicial and discordant accompaniment from the courts.

Regarding the new house, there is this much at least in its favor. The scenery is artistic and beautiful, and forms a striking contrast to the antiquated paintings and hangings that have so long been an eyesore to the audience at the Academy.

The sets, the chorus singers, and the costumes at the old house, have, like Mrs. Florence's poems in "Facts," been published, for "years and years," and are quite as absurd and out of place as this lady's poetical productions are intended to be.

The lovely garden scene in "Faust," with its electrical flower-bed, was a revelation for those fortunate enough to see it at the Metropolitan; and, thus far, all the operas produced have been put on the stage with a perfection of detail worthy the highest commendation.

After the few alterations in the third row of boxes and in the draperies have been completed, this house will be about perfect, and the Academy of Music stockholders had better look to their laurels.

Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are doing a famous business at the Star, and are becoming great favorites. The first and second nights of their engagement were regular ovations; the first for Mr. Irving and the second for Miss Terry herself. Mr. Terriss also has not been forgotten, and "honors are easy" all around.

The "Beggar Student" has apparently entered upon a successful career at both the Casino and the Thalia theatres. One may not only enjoy the privilege of hearing it in either German or English, but he may also choose between a male and female for the title role. At the Thalia, Mme. Geistinger warbles the part of Symon Symonovitch, with a Teutonic accompaniment; while at the Casino, Carleton assumes the same part in the most approved Anglo-Saxon manner.

The protracted runs of the few plays produced by the Madison Square managements seem to have a bad effect on some of their actresses.

Effie Ellsler came near losing her reason

while playing "Hazel Kirke," and now Carrie Turner has become so tired of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" that she has committed matrimony and gone to Europe to escape further suffering in the part.

There really ought to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to actors established at once. Who knows what may happen to George Clarke if he keeps on playing "The Rajah" a few centuries longer?

After most elaborate preparations, "In the Ranks" has finally been produced at The Standard.

The French Opera Troupe have started on their provincial tour, and Aimee has decided this shall be her last season as a singer. Next season she will appear in English comedy, and has already accepted a play written for her by Messrs. Jessop and Gill, called "Mam'zelle." In this piece she is said to have a part exactly suited to her style and to her capability for speaking English as well.

Mr. Coghlan has not made a hit in "The Duke's Motto;" neither has Miss Gerard, and it is said that this lady will retire to her native heath after the run of the present play.

"Moths," at Wallacks, has proved a popular success, and Mr. Wallack is improving from his late illness.

Great is the popularity of the American Institute Fair, and this year's exhibition surpasses all previous efforts. The little ones are quite as delighted with the machinery, the music, and the novel inventions as are the older ones, and trains from the suburbs are crowded with visitors to the show. It is open afternoon and evening, but the building will be closed Dec. 1st, and those who have not seen the wonders had better improve the present opportunity.

The Romance of a Poor Young Man.

LORD AUGUSTUS DE LACY, proud scion,
Led gracefully down in the dance
Mademoiselle Marie Ann Ryan,
A late acquaintance from France.

It is said that the blood of the Cæsars
Flows blue in the veins from his heart,
While her pa got his cash out of Greasers,
Hauling freight on the plains in a cart.

Gus had hired somewhere a claw-hammer,
In the middle had parted his hair;
While she lisped in a beautiful manner,
And dressed with particular care.

Then he whispered sweet words, full of honey,
Of the title he carried by law;
Of his ivy-crowned castle and money,
(Two dollars he'd just won at "draw.")

Yawned some, in an indolent fashion,
(As if giving his brain time to grow),
Then drawled, not at all in a passion,
"I—ah—pvesume you will have me, you know."

And to this the fair maiden did stutter
Her "yes" in a half-melting mood;
He said she was "too utterly utter,"
She called him her "own, ownest dude."

And thus they did have one another;
Ring the curtain down slow, "la-de-dah!"
She is home, keeping house for her mother,
And he's home, living off of her pa!

GEO. E. FARRISE.

Ex parte—a political turncoat.

A toute force—a cornet band.

Answers to Correspondents.

AMATEUR.—We are comic; we were born comic; we mean to live and die comic. We have no desire to see our own funeral—we mean THE JUDGE, of course; not our editorial self.

DIOGENES.—No, emphatically. Our life is in the present—not in the future or the past. We are neither historians nor prophets. As for the past, we might say, with Longfellow—not the racehorse of that name—"let the dead past bury its dead." As for the future, we might ask, with the famous Sir Boyle Roche, "What has posterity done for us?" Echo answers, "Nothing." We thought that Echo would answer "Something," as *she* usually does.

R. DEV. P.—You are mistaken. There is no jealous spirit of rivalry between ourselves and *Punch* (or *Judy*), unless, indeed, it exists at the other end. As for THE JUDGE, he is too wise for that kind of thing.

JOLLY.—Haven't you mistaken your mission, friend? In other words, perhaps you were not intended by nature for the waste-basket. Yet so it is, alas! But there is one consolation—you'll find congenial company there.

ADMIRER.—"Shoo, fly; don't bodder me!" We cannot afford to waste time on such nonsense. Thanks for your encomium.

AFFLICTED.—We might give you a prescription, but we do not wish to interfere with the doctors who are regularly licensed to kill. The M.D.s, druggists, and undertakers own the monopoly in that (Potter's) field of industry. We would, however, suggest—read THE JUDGE, laugh and grow fat, and fling medicine to the dogs.

INQUIRER.—You are right. The editor of THE JUDGE is full of fun, frolic and folly. His chief desire is to make other people laugh and be happy. Old age, grey hairs and wrinkles will come quite soon enough.

A Clean Shave.

SAYS HANS, the barber, "Shust sit down—
I gif you von clean shave, mine frent."
"I've just been getting one," said Brown,
"Quite clean, at twenty-five per cent."

CLARK BELL, the President of the New York Infant Asylum at Bronxville, has been as damaging to that association, according to reports, as the bells of St. George's are to the surrounding residents. Three children lay dead at the Morgue and several others dangerously ill in tents surrounding the asylum, at one time.

A committee of investigation consider the extraordinary rate of mortality there a proper subject for criminal investigation by the grand jury. The general cry is "do away with the Bell."

A STRATFORD, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife; she awoke, struck him across the face and broke his nose. The next night he ate mince pie, Welsh rarebit, dried apples and wedding cake to have a dream to get square with her.—*Boston Post*.

He died of apoplexy before morning, and now she sets her "widow's cap" for another mash.

BEN BUTLER says that as there are two women to every man in the Bay State, he advises them not to go West—at least not till after the election—if they belong to the Greenback party. Ben has an eye to the future.

Taking Object Lessons.

MR. A. C. ALMY, principal of the High School of Hempstead, L. I., is a teacher of "progressive ideas," and believes in object lessons. Simmerton does not. The first lesson was administered in this wise:

The object, which was a round, hard substance, was projected from a distance of thirty yards; and, though the observer could not calculate from this distance the exact size and substance of the compound, it created, as it struck, a decided impression of its density and weight on his lower jaw.

The above lessons will be discontinued while Simmerton submits to the new process of "Crown Filling," in the dentist's chair, to repair damages.

BROWN used to call his wife's beauty "pensive loveliness." He calls it "expensive loveliness" now. On the other hand Mr. Brown says that B. used to beg one of her tiny cast-off slippers to keep as a memento. Now the ash barrel is seldom without such a memento, and he does not seem to take any interest in it. On the contrary he curses if the garbage man don't get around in time, and wonders how in thunder Mrs. Brown manages to kick her feet through her shoes in such an incredibly short space of time.

IN the Carroll-Nolan divorce suit, which was brought to a close on the 27th ult., at Albany, the defendant was made so jubilant at the verdict of "Not Guilty," that he jumped to his feet, went through certain gyrations, which may hereafter be known as the "Divorce Dance," shook hands with each jurymen, and left the court-room with a carroll that drew the sparrows in large numbers twittering around him.

Happy Carroll!

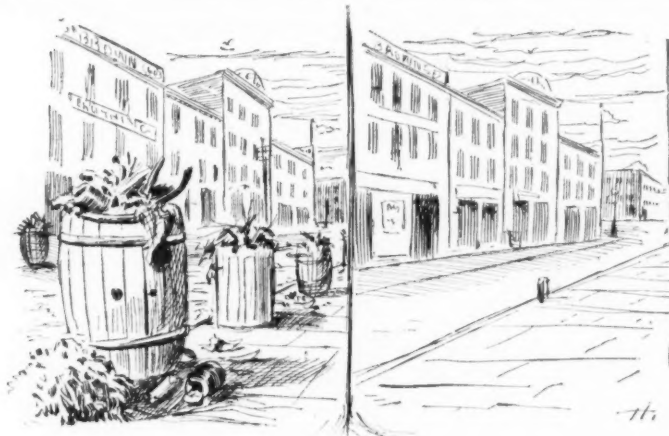
JOHN DONOHUE'S wife had him arrested three months ago for ill treatment and sent to Ludlow Street jail. She instituted divorce proceedings against him, but on Saturday released and he was released.

As soon as he found himself at liberty he proceeded to her residence on Tenth avenue, and belabored her most unmercifully with a beer can. It is evident to the Judge that John Do-nu-hue to behave himself, and he is accordingly sent up for six months.

AT Lockport lately a German by the name of Olifant attempted to run down the 4.30 P. M. passenger train of the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad with his double wagon well loaded with giggling occupants. The result was a maimed horse, a demolished wagon and the scattered occupants "all-faint" when picked up by the bystanders. Mr. Olipant should read the story of "the ram butting the wall."

"OVER the garden wall," she sung—and over the wall he went. As there was nothing in the song to indicate that it was a spiked wall, and a big bull-terrier thirsting for gore on the other side, the youthful Romeo left the centre of his pants on the spikes, the tail of his coat and a portion of his right ear for the dog to chew on. He knows now why they call him a "tear-e-ear." (Patented.)

"WHEN is a door not a door?" When it is a jar. Oh no; that answer belongs to the first decade of the last century. Now-a-days, a door is not a door when its a negress—an egress, See?



THE STREETS ARE BETTER JUST BEFORE ELECTION THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

Takes it "Nachul."

OH, yas, I sends my boy ter school
When de weather's hot, but when it's cool
He stays at home an' he's me chop
Wood. I hates ter hab him stop.
But, bless yer life, we's got ter live.
An' as the Lawd will never give
Ter fo'ks what neber tries ter work,
I se larnin' Tom ter neber shirk,
But always ter his duty stan',
Whuther choppin' wood or plowin' lan'.

As hones' a boy as yer eber seed—
In dat respeck he's got my creed.
I'd almos' suffer 'fore I'd steal
A hog, dat is, ef juicy veal
Was handy. An' sense! De boy's smart;
Ken spell his name, sah, all by heart.
I wants de chile ter study law,
An' fetch up thievin' men ter law.
Would like for him ter be a judge
Whar he'd settle many a grudge.

'Tain't no trouble fur him ter learn.
No more den 'tis fur fire ter burn.
Oh, yas, takes larnin' mighty fast,
An' takes de kind ob highest cast.
He want a scholar more'n a day,
'Till he had fotch ten books away.
He al'ers fills his carpet sachel—
Oh, yas, he takes in larnin' nachul.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Farewell Kiss.

THE train was pulling out quite fast
When down the depot platform passed
A female, who, by might and main,
Was trying hard to catch the train.
Conductor Richards, who's called "Pop,"
Called to the engineer to stop,
And he, though much against his will,
Shut off the steam—the train stood still.
The panting female then drew near,
And soon there broke upon the ear
A sound somewhat like the "dull thud"
Heard when a foot's pulled from the mud.
She seized her friend, a blooming miss,
Imprinted on her lips a kiss—
Was kissed herself, then left the train,
Which soon sped on its way again,
Good-natured "Pop," who likes a joke,
Looked calmly on, then slowly spoke:
"A man who wouldn't stop, I ween,
To let two women kiss is mean."

—Baldwin's Railway Guide.

JAPAN is rapidly becoming civilized. It recently had a fire in a theatre by which seventy-five lives were lost and a number of people greatly injured. —Oil City Blizzard.

Distinction and Difference.

BUT yesterday I spoke of Jones,
Poor Tom, his luck was always hard!
"Oh, yes," said Brown, in careless tones,
"He's an unlucky dog, old pard!"
"Just so!" said I, "suppose that we
Chip in and give the lad a lift?"
"Guess not!" said Brown; "don't count on
me,
I think you'd better let him shift."

To-day again I mentioned Jones,
And said I hadn't seen him 'round;
"Yes, yes!" said Brown, in eager tones,
"I wonder where he can be found!
I wish he'd happen round this way!
He's just the man I want to meet!
You haven't heard? Why, yesterday
He made a rousing pile on wheat.

—Chicago News.

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JOSEPH JEFFERSON

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LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

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The Horse Reporter.

"Is the literary editor in?"

The horse reporter looked up and discovered a very pretty young lady standing in the doorway. "No," he replied, "he is not. The literary editor is a very affable will-o'-the-wisp in rather tight pants, and the extent per week to which he is not in would surprise you if you only knew about it. He flits with airy grace through the building once or twice a week, and then, like a beautiful vision with box-toed shoes, is gone."

"I would like to see the literary editor," said the young lady. "I want to compete for the *Tribune's* \$10 prize for the best story. Do you think I would have any chance to win it?" and a pair of soft, brown eyes looked wistfully into those of one who would soon be taking another bite of hard tobacco.

"I can't exactly tell," said the horse reporter. "It is more or less difficult, by simply looking at a person, to judge of her power of weaving from her surging brain the style of romance for which this paper is at present casting \$10 worth of bread per week upon the waters. The possession of a seal-brown dress, a hat with a long feather on it, and a pair of high-heeled shoes might indicate literary ability of a high order, and then again they might not. I should hate to try to pick out a budding Tennyson by the cut of his pants or fish up from the realms of obscurity a mate to Harriet Beecher Stowe with only a collection of sealskin sacks and \$4 bangs to guide me."

"Oh, I forgot," said the young lady, blushing violently: "You want to see the story I have written, don't you, and then you could tell me whether I could win the prize or not?"

"Yes," replied the admirer of St. Julien, "I should not only like to see the story, but I should also like to read some of it. The best judges agree that when a person is about to give a cold, critical judgment on a piece of literary work it is always best to previously read it. It has been found that the perusal frequently aids the critic materially in ascertaining the general drift of the effusion."

"Here is my story, sir," said the young lady, handing over a roll of manuscript.

"Could you read it now?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in a cheerful tone. "I can dive through that in about three minutes."

For a few moments there was silence. Then the horse reporter looked up from the manuscript to the maiden. "Does this duck finally marry the girl?" he asked. "Tommy Fresh, or whatever his name is?"

"Do you mean Vivian Dare?"

"Yes, that's him. Does Viv finally corral Lurline Loosehair? I mean the one that is always talking about the ideality of the ideal. I'll bet she's a daisy for ice cream; that kind always are."

"You probably refer to Natalie Montessor, the heroine," said the young lady in a somewhat frigid tone. "Yes, they are united by the indissoluble tie of matrimony."

"By the what?"

"By the indissoluble tie of matrimony—they are wedded."

"Oh, that's it," said the horse reporter. "I thought they had fallen off the shot-tower together, or something like that. But you're driving a little too far from the pole when you talk about marriage being an indissoluble tie. As long as \$6 will start a divorce suit the indissolubility of the matrimonial tie will have to take a back seat in one of the top rows."

"Do you think my story will answer?" said the young lady.

"I don't exactly like the ending of it," replied the horse reporter. "Just read that last sentence to me."

The young lady took the manuscript and read as follows:

"Not a breath of wind, not the faintest suggestion of a zephyr even, stirred the leaves of the linden trees—made crimson, and purple and gold by the magic of an early frost—under which Vivian and Natalie were standing. The golden haze of an October morning was tinting the hills with its glory, and as Vivian bent his head and pressed on the beautiful face that was upraised to his, the betrothal kiss, he said to her, 'I will never leave you again.'"

"Vivian said that, did he?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir." "Said in October, right after a frost had knocked the leaves endways, that he would never leave her again?"

"Yes, sir." "That won't do. No young man with a head like that gets into our chaste columns. Why, he ought to have left her before noon that day."

"Why," said the young lady. "I really do not understand you."

"This story has 'em out there under the trees on a frosty October morning, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir." "That's no place for a young man who has the true Saxon spirit. He ought to be over on the Board of Trade buying corn. Any young man who puts in his frosty October mornings making love will gather no moss."

"Then you don't think my story would be accepted?"

"Hardly—at least in its present state. You had better make Viv tell Natalie that he loves her with a wild, mad passion that makes him stub his toe when he thinks about it, but that he cannot ask her to be his bonny bride until after the baseball championship is decided. That sort of an ending would have the true Chicago tinge."

"Good day, sir," said the young lady.

"*Bon jour*," replied the horse reporter.

"Saw your story into shape and come around again."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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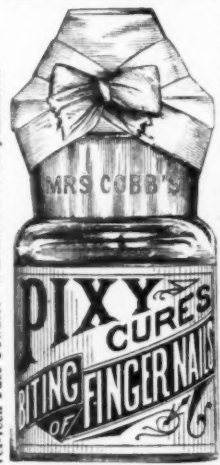
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Didn't Want to Marry.

A SPAN of ponies attached to an emigrant wagon, containing a woman and three children and various household goods, halted on Green River avenue to have a blacksmith set a shoe for one of the horses. As the woman seemed to be alone, or at least had no man in sight, the smith asked:

"Old man sick?"
 "No, sir; I buried him up the country a year ago."
 "Then you're a widow?"
 "I reckon I am, and my name is Briggs."
 "Which way are you jogging?"
 "Going southwest—may be to Indiana."
 "Got sick of Michigan?" continued the smith, as he pared away at the hoof.

"Well, the State is good enough," she slowly answered. "Some mighty fine land, good schools and tolerable weather, but I had to get out of where I was. I lost a pound a week right along for the last three weeks."

"Ague?"
 "Humph! I'd like to see the ague upset us! No, sir! My husband wasn't cold before I had an offer of marriage! It wasn't a month before I had three of 'em. Why, it wasn't six months before their tracks were as thick around my house as cat trails on the snow!"

"Had your pick, eh?"
 "Pick! I could have married anybody, from my hired man up to a chap who owned a section of land and four saw-mills. They came singly and in droves. They came by day and by night."

"And you—you—?"
 "Say, you!" she exclaimed, as she drew herself up, "do I look like an idiot?"

"No, ma'am."
 "Well, when I fling my three children at the head of a second husband and give up the \$800 in cash in my pocket, you can call me an idiot. No, sir! I repelled 'em."

"And they got?"
 "They had to. Susan, hand me that second-husband repeller. It's in the back end of the wagon."

The girl hunted around and fished up a hickory club four feet long, and the woman held it out for inspection and said:

"There's hairs of six different colors sticking in the splinters, and these blood stains are the pure quill. You can judge whether they sat there and made love, or tore down the front fence in their hurry to reach the woods."

"By George!" whispered the smith after a long inspection. "Well, I guess you don't want to marry."

"K'rect, sir. If you have any old widowers in this town, or if you know any one between here and Indiana who wants a headache that will last all winter without any letting-up, just put 'em up to begin to ask me if my heart don't yearn for love and my soul rattle around for some one to call me darling!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Yes," said the druggist, "I am very sorry I gave Mr. Snaggs the wrong dose by mistake and he died. He's the second good customer I've robbed myself of in that way this year."—*Boston Post.*

In an intelligence office: "Go to church! Why, certainly, you can go whenever you wish. How often do they have services in your church?" "Twice a day, mum, except on Sundays, when the service is goin' all the time."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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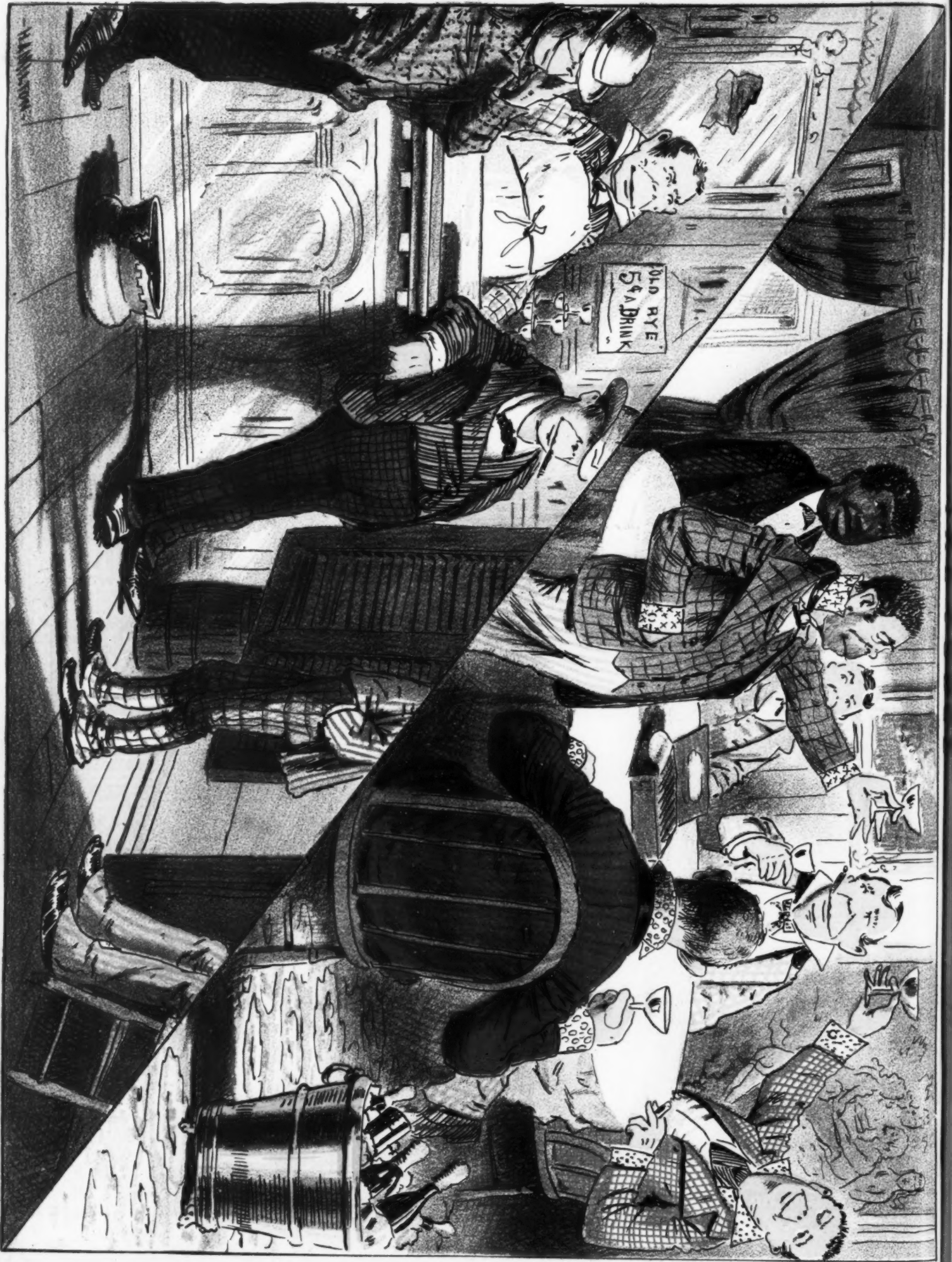
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